

SENT BY EXPRESS.

Minnie Harlan was alone in the world, her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown haired girl with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the blaze, and asked abruptly: "But what are you going to do to earn your own bread and board, my child?"

"I don't know—I have thought—mamma had an uncle living in New York, who—"

"Yes, yes—I've heard of him—he was in the cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't he?"

Minnie was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few moments, hoping she would admit him to her secret meditations; but she did not, and the deacon went away home to tell his wife that "that Harlan girl was the very queerest creature he had ever come across."

In the meantime Minnie was busy packing her scanty things into her carpet bag, by the world flickering light of the dying wood fire.

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her pearly teeth together.

"My mother's uncle shall hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am an orphan all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands."

Lower Broadway at seven o'clock in the evening. What a babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity and conglomerate noises it was.

Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an express office, under the glare of gaslight, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazy in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby, old-fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet-bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours and was very tired.

"Poor little thing," thought the dark haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circle of gas lights, and then took up his pen and plunged into a perfect Atlantic Ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans!"

"Sir?"

The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?"

"Expressed on from Millington, Iowa. Arrived this afternoon."

As though poor Minnie were a box or a paper parcel.

"Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq."

"And why hasn't she been called for?"

"I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago, and am expecting an answer every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman, again taking up his newspaper.

Some three-quarters of an hour afterward Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side, with indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

"Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—"

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hand clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at 12 o'clock this day."

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf.

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tones of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?"

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?"

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

"This is all the money I have in the world, sir."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work house, or some such place I could go to, until I could find something to do?"

Frank Evans could hardly help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

"They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. "I must go somewhere."

"Miss Harlan," said Frank, "my home is a very poor one—I am only a \$500 clerk, but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two if you can trust me."

through violet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I shall be so thankful."

"How late you are, Frank? Here—give me your overcoat, it is all powdered with snow, and—"

But Frank interrupted his bustling cherry-checked little mother, as she stood on tiptoe to take off his outer wrappings.

"Hush mother, there is a young lady down stairs."

"A young lady, Frank?"

"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I know you wouldn't refuse her a corner until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out:

"Come up stairs, my dear, you're as welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do so."

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

"It seems just as though she had taken our dear Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful about the house. I don't see how I ever managed without her. Now, Minnie, you're not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?"

"I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think—I have been here most two months to-morrow, and the situation as governess is advantageous."

"Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are."

"Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please keep my secret."

"What secret is it that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel eyes sparkling archly.

"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle-glass. "Why, Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow."

"I must, Frank. I have no right to further trespass on your kindness."

"No right, eh, Minnie; do you know that this house has been a different place since you came into it. Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?"

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'd stay, Minnie?"

"No."

She shook her head determinedly. "Then you must be made to stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of being the thief."

"Missed something?"

Minnie rose, turning red and white. "Oh, Frank, you can never suspect me!"

"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite certain that this article is in your possession."

"The article?"

"My heart, Miss Minnie. I know that I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie, and I will be a good husband to you. Stay and be my wife?"

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as governess according to the programme, married the young dark-haired clerk in Ellison's express office, New York. They were very quietly married early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage under the circle of the gaslights.

"Evans?"

"Yes, sir."

Frank, with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray haired official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?"

"Yes sir—I remember her."

A tall, silver-haired gentleman here interposed with eager quickness:

"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, where the news of her arrival reached me. I want her; she is the only living relative left me."

"Ah, but, sir, you cannot have her," said Frank.

"Cannot have her? What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, sir, something has happened. Miss Minnie was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington started.

"Take me to her," he said hoarsely.

"I can't be parted from my only living relative for a mere whim."

"I wonder if he calls the marriage service a mere whim," thought honest Frank. But he obeyed in silence. Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds. But they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining years.

A Weird New Year's Incident.

Philad. Inq. Record.

The closing moments of the old year had arrived. Laurel Hill cemetery was wrapped in the darkness of night, and a heavy fog hung over the stately piles of marble which mark the resting places of the distinguished dead, obscuring them from view.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by the tolling of bells and the shrieks of locomotive whistles. Almost simultaneously with these tokens of respect of the expiring year a bright silvery light flashed over a corner of the city of the dead. A moment later and all was darkness again. Then three flashes followed each other in quick succession. Presently the din was increased tenfold, spreading the news that the new year had come. Again the weird light reappeared. Its rays encircled a vault. The iron doors were open, and over the group of people who stood in the entrance a double row of shelves, nearly every one occupied by a coffin, could be seen. The group comprised five gentlemen and a lady, all attired in deep mourning.

"Another year has gone, and a new one in its place," said the lady, in a low, musical voice, as she gazed pensively at the coffin on the third lower shelf to the left.

"One more year," responded the gentleman nearer her, "and we are all here. How many will be left at the next appointment?"

The members of the group looked at each other in silence, and then directed their glances to the interior of the vault. For the next five minutes they stood in this attitude, motionless. Then the possessor of the musical voice remarked, as she drew her watch from its hiding place: "Ten minutes after 12—our mission is ended."

With a last look at the coffin the sextet moved slowly away and entered the carriages which had been waiting at the gateway, the grave keeper who had been standing at a respectable distance, swung to the iron doors and fastened the lock, the light was extinguished and all was gloom.

There is a peculiar story back of the scene which was thus enacted in the early minutes of 1882. Back in the 70's there died in this city a gentleman who was as distinguished for his peculiarities as he was renowned for his wealth and good deeds. When his will was opened it was found that he had laid a sacred injunction on his children that so long as they remained alive they should see the old year out and the new one in at the foot of his coffin. Ten years have passed away, and the injunction has not once been forgotten, although the little group of Saturday night lookers upon the caskets which contained the remains of four of their family who had in as many years followed the father to his long home. The others are now widely scattered. Some of them are located in Vermont; some remain in this city, while one has emigrated so far away as Nebraska, but at the close of every year they journey to this city and hold their family re-unions in the presence of the dead and under the glare of the calcium lights.

Sensible Talk.

Saline County Progress.

It seems that McDermott, who after some considerable experience in killing men, assassinated A. B. Thornton of Bonville, and kept shooting him after he was dead, finds that he has killed one man too many. He tried to get off on a ten thousand dollar temporary bail on account of sickness, but it seems the doctors wouldn't make an affidavit to suit him.

The plan of taking a street bully and making a town marshal of him does not seem to work well in Missouri. There are surely always decent, respectable men enough that have sufficient "nerve" for such offices, and they ought to be employed in preference.

We understand that Bonville has now a town marshal who is as decent and respectable as he is cool and brave, but it is a pity that the streets of that town had to be bathed in blood by a man who carried his pistol by the permission and sanction of the law, before this change could be effected. A man armed with a public pistol and a private grudge is enough to make people want to emigrate from the place where he parades the streets as a public officer.

As Thousands Do Testify.

So does Thomas Roberts, Wholesale Grocer, Philadelphia, who says: "BURNETT'S COCAINE always all irritations of the scalp, and will most effectually remove dandruff and prevent the hair from falling out."

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—The superiority of these extracts consist in their perfect purity and great strength. They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many fictitious fruit flavors.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY, unrivaled cure for Catarrh, Diptheria, Canker mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious small injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by your druggist.

Barnum is said to be negotiating for the big elephant Jumbo of the London Zoological gardens, supposed to be the largest in the world. The animal is a wicked old brute, and it is prophesied he will make the show business sensational if brought to this country.

Emma Thursby, on her recent trip through Sweden, caught a cold, for which a physician prescribed two medicines—one to swallow, the other to snuff through the nose. In Jonkoping Miss Thursby made the mistake of swallowing the catarrh remedy, which, containing ammonia and various strong salts, made her very ill. That night's concert had to be put off, but the singer recovered without serious injury to her person or voice, to the great relief of her Swedish admirers.

Annoyance Avoided.

Gray hairs are honorable, but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

That bloodthirsty monster Thibault, King of Burmah, was taken with the desire recently to see some modern plays and opera bouffe performed in the Indian language. He induced the company of the Victoria Theatre in Bombay to visit his capital but compelled the venturesome actors to appear on the stage, out of proper respect for him, barefooted. The performance took place in the Royal Palace and the players were guarded by soldiery.

A San Francisco jury acquitted a prisoner notwithstanding his guilt was made conclusive by his confession. "Gentleman," said the Judge, "the mental process by which you have arrived at this conclusion I am totally unable to comprehend; and, gentleman of the jury, it is not amiss for me to say to you now that the pardoning power is by the Constitution of the United States vested in the President, and it is not exactly proper that a petit jury should usurp that power."

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cts. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by your druggist.

STATE ITEMS.

—A case of small pox near Jefferson City.

—The Bank of Kansas City has increased its capital from \$300,000 to \$600,000.

—The Trenton public schools have been suspended, to prevent the spread of small pox.

—A. J. Wagoner, Kansas City, is on trial for the murder, by poison, of Norman P. Bauder.

—Judge D. R. Barclay, of St. Louis, is traveling around in the state, lecturing on Bob Ingersoll.

—A very valuable coal mine has been discovered on the Fox farm, near Butler, in Bates county.

—A negro tramp had his hand badly jammed while trying to get on a freight train, at California.

—A Moberly dentist, the other day, extracted from the jaws of a Moberly lady twenty-nine teeth at one sitting.

—St. Paul's Episcopal church, Palmyra, Mo., was consecrated Tuesday with impressive ceremonies, the sermon being preached by Bishop Robertson.

—The Hall Lead and Zinc Mining and Melting company has just been organized at New York. The mines of the company are situated in Newton county.

—Miss Ruth A. Moore, of Green Ridge, this evening will be united in marriage to Mr. Wm. Eller, of that vicinity. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Mr. Weeden.

—The Lauderdale farm near Houstonia, was on yesterday purchased by U. F. Short, for \$5,000. It contains seven hundred and fifty acres, and is one of the finest in the county.

—A man named Johnson has brought suit for \$5,000 against the town of Lebanon. Johnson at one time offended against an ordinance of the city, and was arrested and put in the calaboose. He claims that the incarceration injured his health to the amount of \$5,000.

—A man was arrested on the streets in Mexico peddling knives. It was found upon examination that he had in his possession fifty-seven knives, three or four pistols and about \$9 in money. Upon investigation it was found the knives and pistols had been stolen from the hardware establishment of Sears & Willis, Centralia, and he was turned over to the authorities there for trial.

—Carthage had a jail delivery. The prisoners escaped were Ed. Smith, sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for grand larceny; Burt Nichols, sentenced to two years, for the same; Jas. Cooper, sentenced to two years, for burglary and larceny; Alvin Patton, sentenced to six years, for the same, but granted a new trial, and Hugh Kenneworth, serving a jail sentence, but about to be taken to Nebraska on a requisition for grand larceny.

—The Buchanan county court has passed a resolution offering to the United States the gratuitous use of four commodious rooms in the court house at St. Joseph to be suitably furnished by the county for the use of the United States district court. This is in furtherance of a move now making by Representatives Ford and other Missouri congressmen for a redistricting of the judicial circuits of the state and the securing for St. Joseph, Hannibal or Springfield, of a sitting of the U. S. courts at one of the points named.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup.

CURES NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, CURS SCROFULA AND SKIN DISEASES, CURS FEVER AND ACUTE, CURS BILIOUSNESS.

It acts upon the Liver, It acts upon the Kidneys, It regulates the Bowels, It Purifies the Blood, It Quiets the Nervous System, It Promotes Digestion, It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates, It cures the Old Blood and makes new, It opens the pores of the skin and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all other skin diseases and internal humors. It is a powerful purgative and a powerful tonic, and can be taken by the most delicate female, or the aged and feeble, and is very superior to all other blood purifiers.

WAKARUSA, BENTON, CO., MO.

I wish to inform you of the fact of one of the most remarkable cures of Dropsy known in this country. I was afflicted for a number of years, and tried different doctors and various remedies, but all to no purpose. One doctor said I could not live three weeks. I was advised to try some of Dr. Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, which I did, and in a short time I was able to go to town and call upon the doctor who said I could not live. It perfectly cured me.

JOHN MILLER.

VERONA, LAWRENCE, CO., MO.

I was troubled for a long time with Kidney Disease, and also with Chills and Fever. I tried various remedies unsuccessfully for months. I then commenced taking Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, which has completely cured me. I am now as stout and healthy as I ever was.

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I have used Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup for Chronic Disease, and have received great relief therefrom.

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Agents wanted for the sale of the Indian Blood Syrup in every town or village, in which I have no Agent. Particulars given on application.

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Laboratory, 77 West 3rd St., N. Y. City.

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Is a combination of Hypophosphites, originated by me in Canada while under the pressure of pulmonary consumption, and which has since been employed by the medical profession throughout America and England with unprecedented success.

It contains the elements essential to the animal organization, the oxidizing agents and tonics. In combination with the stimulating agent phosphorus, possessing the merit of being light, alkaline, and is dispensed in the convenient and palatable form of syrup.

Its effects are usually visible within twenty-four hours and are marked by a stimulation of the appetite, the digestion and assimilation, entering directly into the circulation; it tones the nerves and muscles, exerts a healthy action on the secretions; neither disturbs the stomach nor injures the system and is prolonged use, and may be discontinued at any time without inconvenience.

In a word, it possesses the attributes to arouse the strength, the tonics to retain it, and merit of a high degree.

Very respectfully,
JAMES L. FELLOWS.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name; no other preparation is a substitute for his under any circumstances.

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Satisfies the most fastidious as a perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing. Admired for its cleanliness and elegant perfume. Prevents Hair from Falling Out or Becoming Thin. Restores Hair to its youthful color. Sells and fits all sizes of all druggists.

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Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many of the best medicines known are here combined into a medicine of such varied and effective powers, as to make it a most valuable remedy for the most Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

It cures: Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the Tonic daily. It will surely help you. Remember it is for superior to all other Tonic and Health Restorers, as it builds up the system without intoxicating, etc., and it is a most valuable medicine for the aged and feeble, and for all who are suffering from weakness and debility.

Prepared by J. C. & Co., N. Y. See directions on wrapper.

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STARLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

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